obviously not as well as you thought. The other Spock knew his captain much better...." He trailed off, glancing at the dagger. "The other Spock...now there's an idea." He smiled wickedly. "You looked much better without the beard." He touched the blade to his thumb experimentally, testing its sharpness. Impulsively he walked to the dressing table and returned with a small crystal jar. He flipped off the lid and sniffed the scented lotion. "Very nice, Spock. Argellian, isn't it? You've always liked your luxuries. He poured some into his palm and began rubbing the cream over the Vulcan's chin. "This should do very well."

Spock tried to turn his head, strangely unwilling for Kirk to do this. It was a form of taking his identity, although he supposed he should be grateful Kirk hadn't carried through with his first threat.

Kirk jerked his head back around. "I would advise you to remain very still while I have a knife at your throat. I'm not very good at this." He began to scrape the beard none too gently from the Vulcan's chin. Before he was finished Spock was bleeding from several shallow cuts. Kirk bent down and licked the trickle of blood curiously, tasting the flat coppery flavor and the lingering spiciness of the lotion.

"That's better...." He stroked his hand across the smooth jaw and traced Spock's lips with his fingertip. "You have a very sensual mouth. You shouldn't have tried to hide it behind that beard."

The Vulcan started to move restlessly, uncomfortable with Kirk's quick mood changes, waiting for the anger to erupt again. Spock could feel some of his strength returning, though slowly, and Kirk sensed it, too.

"You're coming out of it quicker than I expected. But there's still plenty of time. Anyway... I want you to feel everything I do to you." The expressive eyes mirrored both raw desire and a desperate need to prove something. Kirk stood and began stripping off his clothes. Spock watched, warily enjoying the sight. He still wasn't sure of exactly what Kirk had planned, but he was positive it would not all be pleasant.

The Vulcan's quarters were too warm for the human and there was a gleam of sweat on the broad chest. The man was all stocky muscles and golden skin, marred in places by white lines from old scars. Spock could almost catalogue them by memory and date them from successful battles. The strong, vibrant body was alive with the passion for survival, charged with kinetic energy. And Kirk was right --he would always win. It was in the nature of the beast.

As Kirk neared the bed, Spock's gaze centered on the human's erection. Spock had known the very evident bulge in the Captain's pants did not lie about its size and virility. It was very long and thick, as beautiful and alive as its master.

Kirk stood for a long moment at the edge of the bed, caressing himself teasingly, exploring every inch of the Vulcan's frame with feverish eyes. Then he threw one leg over Spock, straddling his waist. Their gaze locked; Kirk's daring and mocking, Spock's unflinching and steady.

Kirk laughed, a harsh, fierce sound. "I'll be damned, you're enjoying this, aren't you? This is what you wanted in the first place, isn't it?" Kirk seemed annoyed at the Vulcan's calm acceptance.

"Not...in this way," Spock managed to say.

Kirk hit him, hard, with the back of his hand, snapping Spock's head to the side. "Good!" he growled, sudden fury flushing through him. "I don't want you to like it. I want you to hate every minute...and me." Kirk almost seemed to be fighting himself more than Spock.

He moved up farther, placing his knees on Spock's shoulders, pressing his weight down painfully. "Take it in your mouth," Kirk commanded harshly. "Suck it. And if you bite me, I swear I'll do what I started to--cut off your cock and choke you with it. Go on! Eat it, damn you!"

Spock hesitated. He wanted to do it, but he couldn't bear the way this was happening. Something very deep inside him ached that it had to be this way between them. There had to be more to life than just taking or being a victim....

The fleeting thought left him as Kirk angrily grapped his head by the hair and yanked it up to him. He almost gagged as Kirk's cock was shoved back into his throat. Kirk thrust several more times, but then pulled out impatiently.

"Forget it," Kirk said sarcastically. "That's something that takes practice to make it real good, and you obviously haven't had enough. That's not how I want to fuck you anyway." He moved from Spock's chest and turned him onto his stomach.

Spock could have resisted now; most of his strength was coming back into his abused muscles; but he didn't even try. Although he did not relish the idea of more pain, he understood Kirk's need for revenge. To halt this now would mean he would end up having to kill Kirk, or that the human would simply find another method of obtaining his justice. It was better to have it done with now, and with any luck they could start fresh, with all of this pushed into the past.

As he felt Kirk spread his legs and begin to probe roughly between them, Spock felt a new wave of regret. Kirk must have his retribution--there was no way to change that--but it was such a sad thing. An hour ago he would have thought this chain of events perfectly logical, predictable from the beginning. It was the manner of the universe. But not all universes, he reminded himself suddenly. There were other ways....

Spock clenched his teeth as Kirk rammed into him, pounding against his ass viciously, forcing his way inside until he was completely buried. Kirk rested for a moment, lying full length on the Vulcan's back.

"How does it feel?" Kirk taunted. "Does it hurt?" He jerked out and slammed in again, causing Spock to wince. "Don't you like me inside you?" The human's voice was strained now, the words almost hollow. An odd thought occurred to Spock. It was almost as if Kirk were feeling the pain more than his victim. "God damn you, do I have to tear you up before I get any reaction?"

Spock shut his eyes tightly, clutching the pillow. He felt no anger, only an ever deepening well of sorrow, and an inexplicable pity for both of them, for their whole, insane, twisted universe.

"Just do what you have to do," he whispered hoarsely."